

# THE QUAKER

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## BUNHILL FIELDS.

THE BURIAL PLACE OF BUNYAN, DEFOE, AND DR. WATTS.

HOW many of our readers have paused in front of Bunhill Fields? what memories then crowded upon them? what old chapters of history were recollected with new emotions? what contrasts most touched the heart?

VOL. I.

What is there to see in such a place? some may ask. That depends, friend, on your powers of seeing. We know men who can read a history in a fragment of old stone; but we have also met persons in whose eyes the very Pyramids would re-

present simply so many cubic feet of building materials. We will, however, take for granted that our readers have good eyes, feeling hearts, and clear heads. Such we therefore invite to accompany us to Bunhill Fields.

The aspect of the place is exceedingly diverse in different seasons. Look upon these four acres of Death's land when the morning sun lights up the long ranks of tomb-stones with a hopeful expression, and the soft music of the Sunday chimes sends a whisper of heaven over every grave. Then the surrounding homes of the living seem to look with a quiet reverence upon this resting-place of a vast and silent multitude. But come not hither when the day is wintry, murky, and dark, when fog and smoke form the gloomiest of palls, and the tide of the great world's life dashes past with hoarse, unlovable sounds. No marvel if certain melancholy persons wish, at such times, that Bunhill Fields had been on the top of the Mendips, instead of depressing the hearts of timid London folks with its long array of sepulchres. We admit that this huge cemetery should be seen on a bright day; though, probably, there are a few stricken spirits who dislike to see the sunshine on its graves.

The citizen of olden times must have taken a walk into the country to see Bunhill Fields. Here the London archers used to exercise, and some of the Cressy bowmen may have been trained on this once open moorland. The Artillery Company's barracks, still connect the place with warlike associations. What turned these "fields" into a burial ground? A small cemetery may have been formed here in ancient times, but in the year of the memorable plague, 1665, affrighted London brought out the multitudes of her dead to this part of the Finsbury moor. The ground was, *perhaps*, consecrated, and a wall built by the corporation, who held the land under leases from "the pre-bends of Finsbury." After this burials became frequent; the Dissenters especially selected the place for interments, they being allowed to use their own funeral services. Members of the Church of England also often chose Bunhill Fields as a place of burial, and for their accommodation the corporation appointed a chaplain at a salary of £60 a year. But the great majority of those buried here were Nonconformists, and the place has been called "The Campo Santo" or Holy Ground of Dissenters." More than 120,000 lie buried here, and the registry of their names, from the year 1713 only, fills twenty-seven volumes. These brief biographies lie silent and dusty in Somerset House. At times an antiquary or a herald may consult the pages; the world caring little for that long array of names. But it is not so with all. Every church

has her list of standard-bearers; her heroes, confessors, and martyrs; and the churches of the Nonconformists can show a golden roll of their illustrious dead. Several attempts have been made to collect into one work all the more remarkable names. Some were published, others remain in MSS., and one voluminous mass of biographical notices, formed by Dr. Rippon, may be found quietly resting in the Heralds' College. Perhaps this is no matter for regret: the multitude of the rank and file, who have long ago hung up their swords, may be allowed to rest in peace. They have bidden farewell to earth, why should earth recall them? The great names, however, are safe from oblivion; Bunyan, Defoe, and Watts cannot be forgotten, while the English language lives.

Great alarms have been lately expressed lest this crowded home of the dead should be desecrated, and perhaps covered by huge factories. The lease under which the corporation holds, expires in 1867, and the ground will revert to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The place having been closed, as a burial ground, in 1852, by an Order in Council, no revenue can for the future be derived from interments, and the commissioners may resolve to sell the land. £8,000 will, probably, purchase the burial ground, and thus preserve this famous cemetery from a shameful desecration. Of course the public will subscribe the money; but on what grounds? Not because a multitude of the unknown and humble ones of past times are resting there. To an educated and thoughtful man that might, indeed, be a sufficient reason for warning off the rude foot of commercial speculation from the homes of the dead. But the prevailing argument will be, that in Bunhill Fields the worthies—not of sects—but of England rest. The English boy, who has followed, with eager wondering of heart, the footsteps of Christian, from the City of Destruction to the Land of immortal Beauty, would turn pale with indignation were he to hear that the grave of Bunyan had been given up to the spoiler. He may know but little of the Bedford Baptist, but the boy loves, with all his heart, the great Dreamer of Bedford Gaol. Tell some little fellow, who has read for the first time the story of Crusoe and the Man Friday, that the bones of the writer of that book have been torn from the grave, to make room for the foundations, it may be, of a public-house—what, then, will he think of his father's heart, or of the whole race of English fathers for tolerating such a deed? Thousands of English children have had their hearts trained in the lessons of a higher life by the songs and hymns of Watts; can their mothers tell them that the tomb of their poet has been levelled, to make way for a shop or a warehouse? No; Bunhill Fields will be preserved for the sake of her famous

\* The Campo Santo is the name of the famous cloistered cemetery of Pisa, formed in the thirteenth century.

dead. Men will not ask whether they were Churchmen or Dissenters; they know them only as household names in English homes. The popular instinct would as soon think of selling Westminster Abbey as of building over Bunhill Fields. Pitt and Fox may be greater names than those of Bunyan and Defoe; but the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Robinson Crusoe" are read by thousands, in whose eyes the statesman and the debater are but shadowy forms. We may account for this with a sneer or with a smile, as suits our taste; but the millions will stand by their favourites to the end.

The great names of Bunhill Fields are Bunyan, Defoe, and Watts; but before we visit their graves, let us listen for a few minutes to the voices of others, who were in their own days men of renown. Fleetwood, the son-in-law of Cromwell, was borne hither, unattended by military or civil pomp, though he had broken the Royalist array at Worcester, and aided in the government of Ireland. Far different was the funeral of John Fairclough, who gave up his rectory and an income of £1,000 a year, because he could not conform to the Church of England. No one doubts the honesty of a man who gives up £1,000 a year for conscience' sake; and when Fairclough was buried, on the 12th July, 1682, the body was followed by above 500 mourners. Amongst them stood Tillotson, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and Stillingfleet, whose learned combativeness was for one day hushed by the side of an honest man's grave.

The funeral of William Jenkyn, in 1685, recalls the memory of mournful times, when a gaol was thought to be the proper school for instructing an opponent in theology. Jenkyn died in Newgate, and vast multitudes formed the funeral procession to Bunhill Fields.

Dr. John Owen, called "the learned," author of the "Exposition of the Hebrews," and one of the chaplains of Cromwell, was buried here in 1683. The family arms on the tomb are almost obliterated, but the monument is well preserved. William Biffin, the Baptist preacher and city merchant, who withstood the blandishments of James II., and whose two grandsons were executed for supporting Monmouth, would have a noble tomb, if monuments were in proportion to nobility of heart. Neal, author of "The History of the Puritans," was buried here in 1743.

The thousands who have been examined in Paley's "Evidences of Christianity" will pass with thoughtful reverence the burial place of Dr. Lardner, from whose great works in defence of the Gospel history, Paley extracted the essence of his own book. Joseph Hughes, the Baptist, and one of the most energetic founders of the Bible Society; the hard-working Oriental scholar, Dr. Gill;

Joseph Ivimey, the historian of the English Baptists; and Dr. Rippon, author of the well-known hymns, well represent, with Biffin and Bunyan, their denomination. Dr. Abraham Rees, editor of the "Cyclopaedia," and Dr. Kippis, editor of the first part of the "Biographia Britannica," connect Bunhill Fields with the history of literature. Few would expect to find the graves of many artists in this cemetery of the Puritans. Two earnest-hearted students of art are, however, sleeping here—Thomas Stothard, whose graceful vigour was shown in 5,000 distinct designs, and the mystical painter, William Blake. Such are some of the names which give to this burial ground so deep an interest. It may well be called, in the best sense of the word, a catholic cemetery, for here the dead of all denominations rest. The Baptist, the Presbyterian, the Independent, and the Churchman, rest all together in this quiet haven.

But where are the tombs of the three famous men? There, on the right hand as we go up the paved path, stands the plain monument of Dr. Watts. The keeper of the ground, no bad specimen of Old Mortality, will readily show the place where this "classic of the people" sleeps. Not far off is the grave of him who wrote the "Adventures of Robinson Crusoe." Strange that such a man should be without a tomb. A plain head-stone contains the words "Daniel Defoe," and the simplest possible foot-stone gives the initial letters of his name. A few years ago even the plain stone was suffered to lie neglected amongst the grass, until a gentleman indignantly gave two guineas for its restoration. How strange was the life of Defoe!—a wool-dealer, a brickmaker, a revenue accountant, and an ironical pamphleteer. At one time in Newgate for his bitter satire, "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters;" writing his mocking "Hymn to the Pillory" even when in prison; then sent by the Government as a political agent to Scotland. In prison again for his pamphlet, "What if the Queen should Die?" Next, turning to fiction, he wrote novels now forgotten, and at last produced the work which boys, at least, are not likely to let die. Would the reader like to know what sort of a man Defoe was? Take the following description from a proclamation, offering £50 for his apprehension:—"He is a middle-sized, spare man, about forty years old, of a *brown* complexion, and dark brown-coloured hair, but wears a wig. A hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth." Does the reader see Defoe standing before him?

As each Christian denomination receives its portion of heavenly grace, so each has been a sharer in the allotments of learning and genius. If the Independents glory in Milton, the Baptists may exult in Bunyan. Let us stand for a few minutes by the tomb of that great-hearted man, to whom a

persecuting age decreed eleven years of prison, and who gave to his country, and through her to the world, a bright and imperishable work. There stands his tomb (a view of which is given in our engraving on page 305); a recumbent effigy of the bold preacher rests on the top; a Bible, carried under his left arm and closely pressed to his side, intimates, as plainly as stone can tell, what is the true touchstone of all human creeds. On one side of the tomb is the figure of Christian, with his heavy burden, hastening from the City of Destruction; on the opposite, he kneels before the cross, delivered from the load of sin and guilt. On the front of the monument we read the following brief biography:—

JOHN BUNYAN,  
AUTHOR OF THE  
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS,  
OBT. 21ST AUG., 1688,  
ÆT. 60.

The reader will mark the above date; it was the year of the great English Revolution. While Bunyan was dying, the Courts of St. James's, Versailles, and the Hague were agitated by the sounds of the coming tempest. The old times were passing, the new were coming on, and just before the storm burst the saint of Bedford entered into rest.

The visitor will see that the tomb is comparatively new. The inscription on the fourth side thus speaks: "Restored by public subscription, under the presidency of the Right Honourable the Earl of Shaftesbury, May, 1862." Cannot public sub-

scription also preserve this burial place from spoliation?

We surely need not remind any reader of the main facts in Bunyan's life of suffering and work. All have, doubtless, some knowledge of the old timber-fronted cottage at Elstow, near Bedford, where he was born; of the village green, where the wild boy would play at "cat" on Sundays; of the ancient church, where his spirit, when touched by a Divine power, poured forth its prayers of agony, and where he married his young, religious wife. His fervent preachings on village greens and in hamlet lanes; his arrest for these preachings, and the eleven years in Bedford Gaol, where the brave man earned the food of his wife and children by lace-tagging, while his little blind daughter sat at his knee, need no description. His release from prison, the incessant labours as a preacher and as the writer of about sixty works, and the death, in the house of his friend Strudwick, on Snow Hill, are facts well known to most Englishmen.

Over such men, whatever be their denominational creeds, the world at large, the Church on earth, and the Church in heaven, will gladly pronounce the benediction, "Well done, good and faithful" one.

Bunyan, Watts, and a multitude of like-minded worthies, will long secure for their burial places the respect of all true-hearted and generous men. They are grand "in memoriam" monuments of the past, and ever-speaking counsellors to the present.

#### "HAPPY FOUR-SCORE."



HE roses linger on his cheek,  
Albeit his locks are grey;  
His heart is warm, his manner meek,  
His hope knows no decay;  
And with a kindly word for all  
He jogs upon his way.

His children's children round him throng,  
And evermore assail,  
And plague him for the olden song  
Or oft-repeated tale.  
They know the soundings of his heart,  
And never but prevail.

He is so pure, and, like themselves,  
So full of honest fun;  
The little darling madcap elves  
Will skelter, press, and run  
To meet him coming down the path,  
To be the foremost one.

His sons and daughters in a strife,  
A rivalry of love,  
Anticipate each need of life,  
And every moment prove  
Their rev'rence for that high command  
Once issued from above.

The struggles of his vanished hours  
Are half forgot, I trow;  
For Time hath twined a wreath of flowers  
While furrowing that brow;  
Which part conceals destruction's work,  
And lends rare sweetness now.

Oh, dear old grandad! gently press  
Upon thy happy way;  
Thy mortal man must soon return  
Unto its mother clay;  
But we have faith thy soul will rise  
To heaven's eternal day. J. G. WATTS.

## NOW, AND THEN.

**N**OW that is prospective and reflective in human nature is summed up in the two brief but pregnant words which head this article. We seldom or never think of the past except in some way we compare it with the present; and it is invariably in some connection with the present that we view the future. If in all our actions we bore this in mind, it would be well. "Now" is indeed the time for action in every department and condition of life; but how would all our actions and words be influenced and guided, if the inevitable "then" were always kept in view? Let us remember that every "now" has its "then" alike in the past and in the future, and see what influence such consideration should have upon our conduct.

About a year ago I was passing, late one Saturday evening, along the road that stretches out to Hampstead, rising gradually above the smoke and noise of London. It was a lovely, clear, bright, frosty night, and as I overtook two young men—evidently on their way home from some place of amusement—I overheard distinctly their conversation. They were young men, like a thousand others, living alone here in this great metropolis, and they were comparing notes as to how each purposed to spend the coming Sunday. The last remark I heard from one of them as I passed on was, "You know I never go to church *now*." It was the last word that gave so deep a significance to that sentence. The "now" was the climax of its sadness. It implied that once he used to go—that there was a time when churchgoing was his practice, but that now matters were changed. And yet, probably, far away in some country village there was some loving mother who, that very Saturday night, was thinking of her loved son here in the great city, and praying that his coming Sunday might be blessed to him. No thought to her occurred that it was not "now" as it used to be then. But how different now and then. *Then*, the little boy with his simple, trusting prayer every night by his mother's knee; *now*, the theatre, the casino, and the prayerless, godless, retiring to sleep. *Then*, the Sunday devoted to God's worship; but *now*, "I never go to church." Truly a great difference between now and then! *now* bad enough in itself, but tenfold worse when compared with what had been the former *then*. It might be well for thousands of young men and women in our great cities to remember that every *now* has its *then*. When some act is being performed, or some line of conduct being adopted, it may be good to pause and ask, Is it thus I should have acted *then*?—then, when a mother's eye was watching me?—then, when I had a childlike faith in the actual presence

of a God?—then, when religious impressions were fresh and vigorous in my heart? We are too apt to consider "now" as the only real representative of time; but intimately as now is connected with the past, it is still more intimately and momentously connected with the future. Men talk of doing a certain thing, and getting rid of it—getting it out of the way for ever; but this is not found to prove true. Every action done now will turn up in its results and influences "then;" whether that *then* be shortly or a long time hence. There is no escaping this; there is no possibility of severing this indissoluble connection between *now* and *then*. As surely as now the seed is sown, so surely then must the harvest be reaped. And it is true all the wide world over, that it is precisely what we sow now that we shall reap then.

This certain and necessary connection between the present and the future—the fact of the future and the present—the now and then—being each the complement of the other, explains very much that otherwise would seem almost hopelessly mysterious in the moral government of the world. It must be admitted by every candid mind that the most critical examination of the condition of the human race, as regards happiness and misery, discovers to us but few traces of that necessary connection between virtue and happiness, wickedness and misery, which is supposed to exist in a world created and ruled over by a moral God. It is not seldom that we see men who have no thought of God or religion getting on most prosperously in this world, attaining positions of eminence and affluence, while others are restrained from certain practices, which elsewhere have been crowned with success, solely from pure religious motives. Now, it is, perhaps, at first sight, difficult to think that such a course of affairs is really superintended and directed by a God alike just, moral, and loving. But the real explanation of the whole matter is, that we are looking at the present by itself, as if in itself it were complete, and independent of other time altogether. We are pronouncing judgment upon a very partial consideration of the whole affair. And those who look at the moral condition of the world simply as it is now, should remember that the great promise of Christianity and all revealed religion is, that this multitudinous disorganisation of things moral shall hereafter be properly adjusted and arranged. In a word, for the moral *now* incomplete in all its parts we shall have a moral *then*, perfect and irreproachable.

The whole long chequered history of the Christian Church seems to be one grand illustration of this principle of the intimate connection between now

and then. It would have been a very difficult matter to show to the earlier Christians the real practical good which, in the future, should follow from their fierce and terrible sufferings. It seemed, no doubt, surpassingly strange to these Christians, that the God in whom they trusted should permit his infant Church to endure all the tortures and punishments which the ingenuity of Jewish or Roman persecutors could invent. Had the only influence exerted by their sufferings been the formation of heroic and enduring qualities in the sufferers themselves, it might with some reason have been thought that surely there might have been some less severe means found for the formation of such characters, or else that a religion which professed to be so simple and loving, was really severe beyond measure, in requiring a development of character which could only be accomplished by the infliction and endurance of most horrible tortures. But when we take a larger view of the whole affair, and see the reality of the relation between these sufferings in earlier times, and the stability of the Church in later days, we find the reasonableness of the early history of the Church to be dependent upon the intimate connection of the past and future. Had the earlier history of the followers of Christianity been other than it really has been, we should be now deprived of that strong convincing class of evidence which arises from a consideration of the purely unselfish characters of the early Christians.

Perhaps nothing has had a greater influence upon individual Christian character than the records of the sufferings of those who were the first followers of the Gospel. Their sufferings, viewed independently, are sad and fearful; viewed in relation to their influence on after-ages, they are records of God's love for his people, influences for good which, as long as the Church of Christ exists on earth, shall never cease to be felt.

No doubt the followers of Christ now have deep and real cause for thankfulness to the Giver of all good for the peaceful and tolerant condition of society and Christendom at present, when compared with those earlier times when men were called upon to sacrifice life, property, and everything they held dear for the cause of Christ, and as evidence of

their own unflinching faith. But in this respect, as in most others, we shall, upon closer examination, find that in the dealings of God there exists a system of compensation which enables men to trace that similarity between *now* and *then*, as regards the condition of the disciples of Christ—which enables us to recognise in the Ruler of time, past and present, the one unchangeable God. If the early Christians had the fire and the sword to purify their faith and intensify their love, in the different state of society now existing the Christian will find abundance of trial wherein to exercise his Christian virtues. There is much work to be done amid sneers and scorn. As long as Christians are contented merely to live on in unobtrusive quietness, satisfied with being saved themselves, and doing nothing for Christ's kingdom, they will have little trial and meet with no opposition. To "live and let live" is a very good catholic doctrine; but it is quite another thing to be content to live yourself and to let your brother die. Unfortunately, there is too much of this sort of religion now. It may do us good to compare what we are doing now for the cause of Christ's Gospel with what the earlier Christians used to do then, amid trial and suffering. Opposition there is now, as well as there was then; and we may rest assured that if we have no experience of opposition in our Christian work now, it is simply because we are doing nothing that the world cares to oppose; we are not working against the evil that is in the world, and therefore we are not working for Christ.

These are some of the lessons which *now* and *then* teach us. A thoughtful recollection of the past may, by its touching and sanctified memories, lead us to more consistency and simplicity of life. An earnest impression of the grave and awful responsibilities of the future may stimulate to more zeal in the cause of truth; and we may rest assured that, however the present may seem disappointing or disheartening, the future contains, and will accordingly bring with it in its mysterious progress, the solution of every difficulty, and the reward for every performance of duty. Let us work now, and ours shall be the glory then, when "the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints."

#### A WORD UPON DISSOLVING VIEWS.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.

**A**MONGST the mysteries of early days I remember well the novel exhibition of dissolving views, some quarter of a century ago. What rows of cabs at Christmas-time waited about in the vicinage of the Lowther Arcade, until the crowd

began to emerge from the well-packed rooms at the end, where farmhouses had been merging into waterlilies, red church steeples into steamboats. What peals of laughter and exclamations of surprise had escaped from the juvenile mass of humanity emerging from the exhibition! and the attraction

is as great, even now. The writer remembers well being one of the young insignificants of that day, hurried after all was over into a veritable hackney-coach, with one dilapidated old coachman and two wheezy old horses—until home was reached, and the dissolving views of the exhibition gave place to the more wonderful dissolving views of the land of dreams.

Since then it has often occurred to me that these are not the only dissolving views, and that in human life there are many matters which under the same title are worthy of a little careful consideration.

Let it be remembered that changes seldom come noisily or suddenly, but like the melting of dawn into day, or childhood's lisping speech into manhood's voice. This is true of evil and of good. You remember the trim home, the tidy wife, the attentive husband, the clear ring there was in *her* laugh, the broad smile there was on his face. Self-indulgence and sloth take some little time to alter all that; but they *do* alter it. Late rising, lazy idling, gossiping, and too often, on the husband's part, tavern visiting, change the whole face of affairs; the furniture gets rickety, the blinds dirty, the garden weedy, the floors grubby, and the inmates dull and moody. With difficulty you recall the old aspects of the place. You say, "Can this be No. 2?—impossible!" With the utmost difficulty you can recall the old beauties of the scene. It has been slowly, steadily changing: never, perhaps, was there one perceptible alteration; but, like a dissolving view, one scene has melted into another of a different and opposite kind. On the other hand, we like to see the transmutation of the log-hut into the palace, of the ragged-school boy into the respectable gentleman. I know nothing more refreshing than to receive a salutation in the street, and to stop, half-puzzled, to scan the face, the clothes, the wearer, and then, with a burst of astonishment, to say, "What, Robert! is it you?" and to find that the little fellow, once out at knees, elbows, and pockets—so dirty, that, to use the remark of a popular writer, "his mother had to wash him when he got home, to see if it was the right boy," is now a trim, tidy, clean, honest, successful man, respected and happy. Beautiful transformation that! Yet not by a sudden shifting of the scene. Steadily melts the one into the other. Not a moment but the change from bad to better has been going on.

Society is a kind of dissolving view. John Foster remarks that the constant removal and renewal of human beings is continually going on, so that, though all men die, man, in one vast assemblage, is always here. It is not as though some sudden and marked hiatus occurred in a commonwealth or a city; one generation melts into another before we are aware. How very forcibly does the gradual change of society, not alone by

death, but by process of time, press itself upon one's notice. When a friend comes to see us who has been for a long time absent, we are so changed to him; whereas our own family, who have eaten bread, walked and talked with us though the intervening years, have scarcely marked a difference. It has been well said, *How strange we should look if we could see ourselves after an absence.* It startles us very much when our little six-year-old taps us, for the first time, on the back of the head, and says, "Papa, you are getting bald." I remember once riding with a gentleman, who, in driving to meet me at the station, had passed a wagoner's cart in a narrow lane. The man, respectfully enough, but startlingly enough, had said, "Now, old gentleman, get out of the way." This was the first time he had ever been called "old gentleman," and he could not forget it. He told me of it almost the first thing he said: it was a revelation of a state which had been very gradually coming, and had come at last.

It is interesting enough to see how human nature meets the change, and prudently as possible. What a little piece of lace the lady will put on her head before she takes to caps; what little spy-glasses gentlemen will use before they take to spectacles. All these are changes which *must* come, and with which our will has little indeed to do. But some dissolving views are brought about either by our own or other people's sins. When we read in the papers of the reckless extravagance, rioting, or crime of some son, we at once go in thought to his father's house; we see how all are involved, how the bills are up for a sale of furniture, and the old man's heart turning grey as his hair; how all the features of that home are changing. It will not by its pleasant aspect say to-morrow, as it has so long done, "Walk in, friend, here's a cheerful fire and a glad welcome for you;" but the cold, black glass will have white bills stuck in it "To Let."

The young should ever remember in trade, commerce, or professional life, that as water runs through sieves, so business runs away through little negligences and evil habits. How pleasant it is to see the bright beginning, the civility, the energy, the enterprise; and then how sad to see the painter at work blotting out the name above the establishment, preparatory to putting up another. He has fallen into a habit called among the young men of London "stepping round the street," which in the language of another class is called "lifting the elbow," and in the unvarnished language of truth, drinking at any hour of the day. The result is as you see, the piano and cradle are passing out of the front door into the broker's cart, and the letters of one name are giving place, as in a dissolving view, to those of another.

In the providence of God you have often noticed that there are many quiet changes in human

position and prospects, which are exceedingly beautiful. Heaviness has endured for the night, and joy comes in the morning; the dreaded messenger has turned into an angel in disguise; the very sorrow has been transmuted into joy. Poor old Jacob, when he said, "All these things are against me," little thought they were all *for* him; but when the time of famine came, and he had safety and provision in Egypt, a son ruler in the land, and his family surrounding him in pleasure and in plenty, the view slowly changed, and instead of seeing the arm of judgment, he saw the hand of mercy. So is it with many human histories. As they watch the clouds, some rainbow of hope bends over them, and the sun of gladness rises upon the desolate scene.

It is a mistake for cynical moralists to take up one side of this subject, and neglect the other. To the young they say, "All this future you paint in such bright colours will never come; your happiest time is now. You will find the reality very different from your glad surmises." I am not so sure of that. The manhood and womanhood of multitudes is often much happier than their childhood; perhaps they have had non-resident parents—that is, party-goers, not much at home; or perhaps they have had rap-knuckle schoolmasters, or slap-back nurses, who have contrived to make life, on the whole, tolerably miserable and uncomfortable; and after all, these children, having become earnest, consistent, and, above all, Christian men and women, have found the melting of childhood into manhood or womanhood bring far more of peace and pleasure. On the other hand, it is pitiful to see early days of joy and prosperity changed for penury and difficulty. Some such scenes there are which must touch the coldest heart. The comfortable brougham changed for the workhouse barrow; the luxuries of home changed for the bread of dependence. Often, indeed, a dissolving view of home is witnessed after the death of the father, sometimes because he has not insured his

life. Who that sees a family growing up, and is able by any effort whatever to accomplish that, dare neglect it for an hour? Not you, reader, I hope—not you.

Suffer me to suggest that, at last, there will be the dissolving view of death. Who amongst us but must have been strangely influenced by wonder in watching the dying? "What is now bursting on their vision?" has been our thought. What mysterious revelations to the spirit-eye *are* coming to that spirit, if they have not already come? One moment for the Christian, whether husband, wife, child, pastor, friend, there is the grasp of friendship, the prayer of faith, the word of comfort, the tear of parting; the next—the songs of angels, the words of the elders, the welcome of Jesus, the vision of heaven.

The *other* dissolving view we dare not paint. Each must endeavour to sketch that from a close perusal of the inspired Word of God.

I need scarcely suggest for the cure of envy, that the blessedness we so often covet connected with the rich and great, would soon melt into misery by a close watching of the picture. When, for instance, the son of Louis XVI. was a beautiful child of four years old, some one explaining a fable to him, ended by remarking of the animal in question, though it had had great troubles, it became at last as "happy as a queen;" the young Dauphin replied, "Ah! queens are not always happy, for mamma weeps from morning till night."

Above all, let us remember that through the Gospel we have the best dissolving view in human life. A man becomes changed by the grace of God; he is an altered man; "old things have passed away; behold, all things are become new." And after conversion, all is not done. As we watch him his spiritual features improve; his likeness to God increases; he is growing in grace and spiritual beauty; "beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, he is changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

#### DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

##### FRANK TRACY, THE HERO.

"**T**ELL you he won't get it; such a thing was never heard of." The speaker was one of a group of boys on their way home from the cathedral school, and it was easy to see that a topic of very general interest was being discussed by them.

"But the head master said last time that juniors might try for this exhibition, so I don't see why Tracy shouldn't get it."

"It'll be a great shame if he does. Things will

have come to a pretty pass for a junior to step above us seniors in that style."

"Well, I hope he'll get it, for I know he's been grinding hard for it," said another; "and he's such a brave fellow, quite a hero in—"

"Oh, that he aint," interrupted the first speaker; "he's a mean-spirited coward, for when Roland offered to fight him the other day, he positively refused the challenge, and quietly pocketed all the affronts that were given him, and walked off home."

"His refusing to fight don't make him a coward," said Exmouth, the boy who had spoken just before.



MEE

Drawn by M. ELLEN EDWARDS.

[Engraved by J.D. COOPER.

"And the attraction is as great, even now." —p. 310.

"Then I'd like to know what does make one," returned Walters. But further talk upon this subject was prevented by Tracy himself joining them.

"I say, Tracy, who do you think will get the exhibition?" asked one of the seniors; "you know there are four of us trying for it."

"Five," said Tracy, slightly colouring.

"There are only four seniors, and juniors we never take any account of," returned the other, sneeringly. An angry flush rose to Frank Tracy's brow, and he was about to give the retort that was evidently expected by his companions; but with a violent effort he kept back the words, and, wishing his companions "good afternoon," walked briskly towards his home.

"There, now, what do you call that but cowardice?" burst forth Walters, as soon as he had gone.

"But you forget he is a junior, and must put up with it," laughed Briant.

"Junior or not, I would have knocked you down if you had spoken to me in that insulting tone. Call him a hero! I say he's a mean, craven-spirited coward." And this opinion was evidently shared by many of the boys. Meanwhile Frank had reached home, and, after hastily swallowing his tea, took his books and went up to his own room.

Two or three hours passed, and then there was a gentle tap at the door. Frank looked vexed as he rose to open it; but his brow soon cleared when he saw his mother enter.

"My dear boy," she said, laying her hand affectionately on his shoulder, "you are studying too hard, I think. Put these books away for to-night and come down-stairs."

"Oh, let me stay a little longer," he said, pleadingly; "the examination will soon take place, and when that is over I can afford to have a little rest; but now every hour is of importance, and I must use every effort or I shall not gain this exhibition, and if I do not, mamma, you know the hope of years will be disappointed; for papa could not afford to send me to college."

"Frank, you must try to leave it more in God's hands," said his mother, solemnly. "Whatever may be the issue, whether failure or success, it will be for the best."

A few minutes afterwards Exmouth called to speak to Frank about a book, and he could not forbear telling him how greatly disappointed he felt at the way in which he had taken Briant's insult that afternoon.

"I wish the rest of the fellows hadn't taken up the notion that you were afraid of Briant," said Exmouth; "but, you see, they don't know you as well as I do."

"Perhaps I shall have an opportunity of proving to them some day that I am not such a coward as they suppose. But it won't be by fighting, though," he added.

"Do you really mean to go in for this exhibition business?" said Exmouth.

"To be sure I do," said Frank. "You know juniors are allowed to compete for it if above the required age."

"I hope you'll succeed then. Good-bye, old fellow; and don't mind what they say about your being a coward;" and he bounded down the stairs and out of the house.

A month passed. The examination was over, and Frank Tracy had been declared the successful competitor.

He hastened home to tell the good news and receive the congratulations of his friends. His father had not returned from his business, but his mother was as pleased at his success as even he could wish; but he longed to tell his father likewise. "How late papa is this evening," he said, for about the seventh time in as many minutes. "I shall go and meet him, I think. May I, mamma?" he added, turning to his mother. But at this moment there was a loud knock at the door. Mrs. Tracy started from her seat. "Something has happened, I'm sure," she said, turning very pale, while Frank ran to open the door. He came back in a minute or two, looking frightened and agitated.

"Mamma," he said, as calmly as he could speak, "papa has been hurt, and they are bringing him home;" and almost as he spoke the men carrying Mr. Tracy arrived. A doctor was with them, and he told Mrs. Tracy as gently as possible that her husband could not live many hours. He had been run over while attempting to cross the road, and the cab had passed over his body, inflicting very severe injuries.

Frank sat with his mother and sister and watched beside his father all through the night. Towards morning Mr. Tracy beckoned to his wife to come close to him, and he bade her farewell. Looking at Frank, he said, "Kneel down here, my boy. I want to speak to you. I shall not have the power to do so long: but before I die I want you to promise me that you will help your mother when I am gone. Will you do this, Frank?" asked his father.

"Oh yes, papa, I will indeed," said Frank, his face bathed in tears.

A few hours afterwards Frank was fatherless. After the funeral it was found that when their debts were paid there would be nothing left for the support of the widow and her three young children. Mary, the eldest, went out as daily governess, but her salary was not sufficient to support all the family. They had been talking of this one evening, and Frank had been vainly wishing that the next few years were over, and he was thinking of leaving college instead of entering, when his friend Exmouth came in. He had brought a note from the head master, requesting Frank to call upon

him respecting some preliminaries connected with the recent examination. When Exmouth had gone, Frank did not return to the parlour, but went to his own room, and, locking the door, sat down to think what he ought to do.

"It's clear I ought to do something," he said, half aloud, "but oh, it is so hard to give up all my cherished plans, and resign this, my only chance of ever going to college. But then I promised papa I would help mamma, and I can only do that by getting a situation and earning some money. Must I give up the exhibition after all?" The struggle was a hard one. Hour after hour did he pace up and down his room, doing battle with himself, and praying that God would direct him and give him strength to do what was right. And he conquered at length.

He accordingly started early the next morning, so as to see the master before morning school, and acquaint him with his determination.

"You need not have come so early, Tracy," said the master, when he entered his study and saw Frank; "I could have seen you after school. You will be with us again soon, I suppose?"

"No, sir, I shall not," said Frank, gulping down his emotion. "I came to tell you that I must resign the exhibition and help my mother now."

The master looked astonished. "What a pity," he said, "that your mother cannot let you take the benefit of this exhibition, which you have fairly earned by your persevering industry. I think I shall call and see her upon the subject."

"I would rather you did not, sir," said Frank; "it is my own wish to give it up; she does not know anything of it at present, but I promised my father before he died that I would help mother, and so I am going to try and get a clerk's place."

"This is a great trial to you I know, Tracy," said his master; "but I see it is your duty, and God will bless you. You have had a harder battle to fight than Napoleon ever fought, for you have conquered yourself."

It was soon known in the school that Tracy had resigned the exhibition, and great was the astonishment felt by all, for they knew how hard he had worked for it, and how anxious he had been to gain it.

"I don't believe I'd give it up to please my mother," said Briant, when he heard it.

"I don't suppose you would," said Exmouth.

"I think it's a shame his mother wants him to do it," said Walters.

"She does not know anything about it," replied Exmouth; "I met Tracy as I was coming to school this afternoon, and he told me he did not want her to know anything about it until he had got a situation. Now who says Tracy's mean-spirited? I say he's a real hero to work as hard as he did for that exhibition, and then, after he had won it, to give it up for the sake of his mother."

Schoolboys, thoughtless as they may be, have some sense of magnanimity, and all were willing to acknowledge that Frank had acted nobly.

The next morning Exmouth brought the news that Tracy had got a situation.

"It was just the luckiest thing that ever happened," continued Exmouth. "I was telling them at home all about it when papa came in, and he was so pleased that he sent me off to fetch Tracy, and engaged him at once, for he happened to want another clerk. He is to have sixty pounds a year. If it was six hundred it wouldn't be too much. Hurrah for Frank Tracy! if ever I'm a hero I would be one of his sort!"

#### KEY TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 299.

"Therefore let us not sleep."—1 Thess v. 6.

1. T amar	.....	2 Sam. xiv. 27.
2. H iel	.....	1 Kings xvi. 34.
3. E phron	.....	Gen. xxiii. 16.
4. R iblah	.....	2 Kings xxv. 21.
5. E vil-merodach	.....	2 Kings xxv. 27.
6. F elix	.....	Acts xxiv. 27.
7. O nesiphorus	.....	2 Tim. i. 16.
8. R hoda	.....	Acts xii. 13.
9. E bed-melech	.....	Jer. xxxviii. 11.
10. L achish	.....	2 Chron. xxv. 27.
11. E gion	.....	Judg. iii. 15.
12. T hebez	.....	Judg. ix. 50.
13. U rijah	.....	Jer. xxvi. 21.
14. S egub	.....	1 Kings xvi. 34.
15. N abal	.....	1 Sam. xxv. 3.
16. O thniel	.....	Judg. i. 13.
17. T irzah	.....	1 Kings xv. 33.
18. S ostheneas	.....	Acts xviii. 17.
19. L uz	.....	Gen. xxviii. 19.
20. E li	.....	1 Sam. iv. 18.
21. E lab	.....	1 Sam. xxi. 9.
22. P atmos	.....	Rev. i. 9.

#### THE IDIOT GIRL.

##### A RHYME FOR YOUNG READERS.



N yonder hill a mansion stands  
Half draped in vines and ivy green;  
Before it, slopes a pleasant lawn,  
Behind, an orchard may be seen.

Around, the owner's wide estate  
Is spread, o'er hill, and dale, and plain;  
Farms, forests, lakelets there abound,  
And one broad river seeks the main.

The wealthy master of these lands  
Behind a two-horsed carriage rides,  
And he has footmen in his hall,  
And scores of serving-men besides.

Yet he is not a happy man,  
Though he has boundless stores of wealth,  
And blessings of the needy poor,  
And manly strength, and glowing health.

He has an only child—a girl,  
With softly-shining hazel eyes,  
And ready laugh, and gleeful smile;  
Yet seemeth she not over-wise :  
And if to her you were to speak,  
She could but answer with a stare;

And you would wonder, as she laughed,  
An *Idiot Girl* should be so fair.  
Oh, children ! thank your Father God,  
That he hath you with reason blest;  
That one great blessing is far more  
Than all the wealth from East to West. *W.*

## THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE WOMEN OF SCRIPTURE," ETC. ETC.

### CHAPTER XL.

#### FRIENDS AT THE HALL.

"Life is transfigured in the soft and tender  
Light of love, as a volume dun  
Of rolling smoke becomes a wreathed splendour  
In the declining sun."

ALEXANDER SMITH.

 WHILE Norman's life was thus unfolding under the teachings of books, solitude, scientific experiments, and, though last not least, the inspiring hopes of love-prompted ambition, we must leave him for awhile to their influences, and visit some old acquaintances.

Time had passed beneficially over Austwick Chace since we last saw Gertrude recovering from her long illness, and compensated for suffering—so her parents thought when they saw her—by being no longer conspicuously undersized. Yet a lingering delicacy of constitution rendered great care and quietude needful; and it is just possible Mrs. Basil Austwick was not sorry that the physicians she consulted, advised a tranquil country-life for Gertrude until she should be grown up.

Meanwhile, Allan Austwick had discovered—as his parents had, indeed, long before—that his old contemptuous talk about the "mere Nimrods," and bucolic squires of his Austwick ancestry was but talk, indulged in on the "sour grapes" principle, while he had no expectation of succeeding to the ancestral acres. To mis-prize advantages which are never likely to be possessed, and to satirise peculiarities out of the range of individual temptation, are common foibles of the young—perhaps of the old also, only the former do braggingly and independently what the latter do malignantly and enviously. Not a particle of envy was in Allan's composition when he thought it likely he should have to be a lawyer. While he did not exactly take to study kindly—that was not his rôle—he made amends to himself for his school toils by fancying that, if even not a great lawyer, he should be something far better than a *mere* country gentleman. But on the death of the heir De Lacy, he had gone to Oxford; and, though by no means a presuming young man, he was not insensible to the improvement in his position which his father's coming into possession of the family estates had brought about. The life of a country gentleman, improving his property and engrossed in agricultural matters, soon seemed to Allan the very happiest life; he felt again as he once had done when, a little child, he had gone to the Cattle Show in London, and

rejoiced at Farmer Wotton, of Wicke Farm, on the Austwick lands, taking the prize for pigs. From that moment, fat cattle, fat lands, and big homesteads, had been secretly a good deal in the boy's mind; and, as it is quite certain, some English boys take to water like Newfoundland dogs, and were meant by Nature to be sailors, so it is equally sure that some have as strong a predilection for the woods and fields, and all the work and all the sport that is to be made or found in them.

Mrs. Austwick, to be sure, had cherished the hope that her son would be a scholar. Certain glowing visions of legal triumphs leading to the woolsack, or at least the judge's ermine, had floated before her mind as likely to be Allan's inheritance; for though she held that his Austwick ancestry had never shown either great talent or ambition, her son's descent from the Dunoon family gave him an inheritance of brains which, she argued, education would teach him how to use. But, it must be owned, maternal pre-visions are too much influenced by affection or vanity to be very correct. And so it came to pass, as Mr. Basil (now Squire Austwick) had laughingly prognosticated all along, that Allan was soon a keen sportsman, a fearless hunter, a capital cricketer—"anything, my dear," the father would add, "but a lover of parchment and a groper among Acts of Parliament."

The young man had left college, as hundreds do, without disgrace and without distinction. He spent afterwards, by Mrs. Austwick's request, some time abroad, rather impatiently, and was returning, much to his father's satisfaction, to "look to matters" at the Hall, which was all the more useful, as a legal appointment—one of those quiet bits of preferment that come to well-connected rather than well-endowed lawyers—had come to Mr. Basil Austwick. He was made Taxing Master in one of the law courts; and as he had planned many alterations, meant to be improvements, at Austwick, he needed some one who would look to his interests during his long-enforced absences from his estate.

Not half the farming, draining, and road-making that he had planned could have been undertaken, but for the fact that the barren Scotch acres, which were his wife's dower, had been sold to a railway company. And though the money had been but tardily realised, and still more slowly was the iron road, in which he was a large shareholder, progressing, yet Allan was surprised, as, on a fine August morning, he approached his ancestral home in a dog-cart, which had been sent to meet him at the station, to see the changes that had been effected while the

young man was making what he very truly called "a run on the Continent."

The dilapidated old church was restored; the whole front of the house was renovated; and a fine arch, where the east porch stood, was flanked by a sort of annex—his aunt Honoria's dwelling, now quite distinct from the large mansion. An arrangement most agreeable to her from the first, and of which she had by degrees so availed herself, that even Gertrude came to understand she was to wait for permission to visit her. That young lady had lived, for the greater part of the last three years, in companionship with Marian Hope, and found so much occupation in her studies and her charities, that time never was tedious to her. Her aunt's secluded habits left her to her own devices, and she had therefore enlarged her very limited circle of friends by adding Harriet Nugent, the curate's sister, to the number.

As Allan was driving slowly now, marking the alterations to the house, his attention was not so wholly engrossed that he did not observe there were three ladies on the lawn. He noticed that one hurried away to the little side gate, leading, by a private way, through the churchyard to the parsonage, while Gertrude, who was waiting to catch sight of him, ran open-armed across the lawn, with all her old childish impetuosity, to welcome him. Throwing the reins to the groom, Allan jumped down and ran to meet her, half lifting her sylph-like form in his embrace, and saying—

"It's a pity, True, my darling, that I cannot swing you on to my shoulder, as I once used."

"Orson! you're big enough, and rough enough for anything."

But as she spoke, each looked approvingly at the other. They were, indeed, a great contrast; strength and delicacy were the two words that described them. Never an Austwick of them all, as his aunt would say, was taller or comelier than the young man, whose cheek of ruddy bronze was shaded by short, crisp, nut-brown hair; and whose laughing hazel eyes shed such a light over his face, that people did not stop to examine the features before they said, "What a handsome man!" while Gertrude, still *petite*, had all the pliant grace of nymph-like elegance. Few now would comment on her smallness, for there was such just proportion in the fine lines of her form, the falling shoulders, and round, white throat, and her sweet fair face, with its contrast of dark eyes, had so much more expression than usually belongs to a blonde, that most people would be tempted to think her brother very economic in his praise, when, after an admiring look, he held her off at arms' length, and said, approvingly—

"You'll do, True."

"To be sure I shall—for you, that is, and perhaps—but see, here's Marian, we're forgetting her."

They walked towards Miss Hope, who was wonderfully altered since we saw her last. The Austwick air, and freedom from the anxiety that had wasted her early youth, had caused Marian to develop into a very lovely young woman, with one of those exquisitely clear, pale complexions, that shows the faintest tint of rose which

animation or emotion gives, and therefore ever varies the expression of the face with the feelings. Amid a crowd, Marian would never be noticed for personal attractions; but in a small circle, when animated by music or conversation, her face kindled into positive beauty. Now, as she advanced to welcome Allan, and to answer his inquiries, he could scarcely believe it was the same Miss Hope he remembered, pale, subdued, and timid, and that he had once irreverently stigmatised, in order to tease Gertrude, as an "inanimate piece of putty."

The three walked together to the house.

"And how is Aunt Honor?" said Allan. "I suppose I shall find her in the house?"

"No, Allan; she sent to me this morning the message that this was one of her bad days, and that she cannot see me. She has been reading Lady Hester Stanhope's Life of late. I hope she will not take her views about lucky and unlucky days," said Gertrude.

"Miss Austwick has too much good sense," interposed Marian, looking rather deprecatingly at her friend.

"I don't know about good sense, Marian. Megrim's grow like mildew, if people live alone and yield to them."

"Well, our mother, dear True, will never have megrims from that cause, happily."

"I hope mamma may come down, Allan, now you are here."

"She has written to me to meet her at Scarborough. She thinks the boys should stay the bathing season there."

"Oh, but papa wants you here, Allan; I heard him say so when he made just a run down, to look round, as he said, three weeks ago. You won't go to Scarborough?"

"No, True, no; my mother has the boys, and though I should like well enough to go to the moors this autumn, I shall stay here and look to things a bit."

After a little desultory talk of home matters when they reached the house, they soon separated to dress for dinner. As Miss Hope was preparing to go, Gertrude pressed her to remain.

"You forget, my dear," said Marian, "that Miss Austwick may change her mind, and dine with you and Mr. Allan after all; and you cannot wonder that I do not care to meet her oftener than necessary."

"Oh, why do you attach so much importance to Aunt Honor's whims, Marian? I thought you were a better Christian."

"I think, dear Gertrude, that it is a Christian duty to avoid giving offence or annoyance. Miss Austwick, I think, has never liked me; at least, upon acquaintance, I fear she has come even to dislike me, and therefore it is well to avoid her."

"What does her dislike matter—if dislike it is? I think it's mere whims."

Marian shook her head. "We won't discuss the matter. I don't see that Miss Austwick is bound to like me because her niece does."

The two girls looked affectionately at each other, and Gertrude said, "So much the worse for her to have missed making such a friend as you are, Marian—

though you do preach to me dreadfully sometimes, and are so frightfully obstinate."

"You'll have no end of things to say to your brother, my dear, and you know I half promised to go to Harriet's for an hour."

"Oh, then, I've no chance. Let's see, Mr. Nugent is at home, I think?"

"Hush!" said Marian, laying her white hand lightly on Gertrude's mouth. "You worry me, you do indeed, when you—"

"Oh, it's too tender—too deep—a subject to be discussed," whispered Gertrude, provokingly.

"You forget that Mysie is there, and Mrs. Maynard is expected daily—and Mysie is to me what your brother is to you."

"Not exactly so; 'blood's thicker than water'—but you are right, Marian dear: I did forget." And so the two friends separated; and while Gertrude hastened away to change her dress, Marian walked through the private path across the churchyard to the parsonage, intending to stay an hour there, and then go home.

Our readers remember that Mrs. Maynard, the widow lady at Elmscroft, with whom Mysie had been placed, was the eldest sister of Mr. Nugent, the curate at Wicke Church. That gentleman had not, as time advanced, made any more favourable impression on Miss Austwick, who was tenacious in her dislikes—as may be inferred, indeed, from the foregoing conversation. She had shut herself up from all intercourse that could be avoided. Gertrude alone was welcome to her. And as she saw the attachment that bound her niece to Marian, the reserve which from the first Miss Austwick had shown towards Miss Hope so increased that it became painfully marked, so much so, that the only natural solution was that which Marian and Gertrude had both arrived at—namely, reserve must, unfortunately, have deepened into dislike. Whatever was the feeling, it was powerless to affect Marian's position in the family; indeed, to some extent, it had rather established her there. For, when, after Gertrude's long illness, Mrs. Austwick had stayed a month at the Hall, on her way from the Continent, before the London season commenced, that lady managed to discover how Marian was certainly far from being a favourite with her sister-in-law. From that time Mrs. Austwick treated her daughter's companion more cordially than she had hitherto done, alleging, what was indeed the truth, that in Gertrude's illness Marian had been indefatigable, as a reason for showing her greater consideration. When she took leave of Gertrude to go to town, Mrs. Austwick said, "I'm not going to have your aunt interfering in this house. I yielded to her and your father, rather against my own wishes, in taking Miss Hope at first; but I shall retain her for my own pleasure. I like her; I told your aunt so."

Gertrude was, of course, very glad to have her friend's society more assured to her, but she was quite sufficiently versed in the tactics of the family to be certain that her aunt's coldness towards Marian would henceforth increase. And so it did, to such a degree that all which concerned the Hopes—father and daughter—

or that transpired in their intimacy at the parsonage, was wholly unknown to Miss Austwick. She had none of that meanness that likes to encourage servants' talk, or to listen to depreciating remarks about others. She was silent herself, and enjoined silence on dependants as to people not agreeable to her. And so it had come to pass that a distant politeness when they met was the prescribed rule between Miss Austwick and her niece's companion-governess. She never invited Marian to her apartments, nor took any meals with Gertrude when Miss Hope was with her. It had been the custom the first two years for Marian to dine with Gertrude in the middle of the day; but during the past year Gertrude's attainment of the dignity of eighteen had led to her having a late dinner, at which, four times a-week, her Aunt Honoria appeared. It was served an hour later than Marian stayed, except in the height of summer.

This plan had given Miss Hope the opportunity of spending more time with her friend Harriet, who, on her part, was delighted to have a friend who entered cordially into all her parochial plans of usefulness. Mr. Hope, too, in the society of Nugent, had a happiness of which he had long been deprived. And as his health somewhat improved, he assisted the good clergyman in forming and conducting adult classes among the people of the village—a plan that never could have been carried out so efficiently but for the curate having such an ally. All these mutual pursuits and interests so ripened the intimacy, that the Hopes were able to explain, and the curate and his young sister naturally understood, how dear to them was the orphan Mysie whom they had reared, and who was now placed with Mrs. Maynard, the eldest sister of the curate. Harriet joined in Marian's regret that their cottage, "Ferny Gap," was so small; it gave force to the interdict which had prevented the Hopes having Mysie to spend vacations' with them. And as in process of time Mysie's term as pupil had expired, and Mrs. Maynard employed her as teacher, it was a kindness the curate's sister liked to manifest, to invite Mysie, or rather Miss Grant, to accompany Mrs. Maynard on a visit to the parsonage for the holidays. She had now been a month there, and was still remaining, while Mrs. Maynard had gone to London to meet the parents of pupils, and arrange business matters prior to the re-assembling of her pupils at Elmscroft. Mysie's stay would now be only for a few more days, and hence an evening with her was becoming precious. Though we won't say that this was the only attraction which the parsonage had for Marian; but in this we are anticipating.

When Gertrude found that Marian had actually gone, she sent Ruth with a note to urge her aunt to come and welcome Allan; but her attendant received the answer, written in pencil, "That she was in no mood to welcome any one."

"Poor soul!" sighed Gertrude, as she read the line; and her pity was almost as great as if she had known how hopelessly miserable the lonely woman had cause to be. To the young girl it seemed the depression of ill-health and isolation; to Miss Austwick it was the constant fret, the caustic irritant, of a troubled mind,

bent on an incessant arguing with itself in the impotent endeavour to make wrong right.

When Allan joined his sister in the drawing-room, and conducted her to dinner, he was rather amused at their being alone with the spacious well-filled table between them.

"How odd it seems, True, you and I *vis à vis*, and our family so large, that we should be so scattered. The squire—he liked to call his father by his country title—the squire in London; our mother and the boys at Scarborough. Strangest of all, Honoria the stately, that dignified daughter of the House of Austwick, who has resisted all transplanting from her ancient stock, to think she should be within a few rooms of us, and not come to welcome me. I'm something to her now, True—as the Austwick heir, eh?"

Gertrude, as tenderly as she could, spoke of her aunt's peculiarities, and mentioned her increased reserve to Marian.

"I like your Miss Hope very much," said Allan.

"Who could help it?"

"Oh, as to that, I could, you know, if I chose. I've never seen any one yet—any woman—that I couldn't help liking."

Gertrude laughed. "That's, of course, to come. I didn't mean *so*. You know, Marian is my friend; and besides, sometimes, I really think—but there," interrupting herself, "no, I've no reason at all for saying it."

"Of course, you've no reason at all—girls seldom have. If you had reason you wouldn't talk in that disjointed way. What were you going to say when you first spoke?"

"Oh, never mind. On second thoughts—"

"I hate second thoughts."

"They're the wisest."

"They're not the frankest. Frankness, True, is a duty from you, or you satirize your name. Come, you were going to say something to me about Miss Hope."

"I've no right, Allan, in the world to say it."

"Well, people say heaps of things of everybody that they've no right to say. Well, out with it."

"Don't tease; only this, there, if you must know: I was thinking what a capital clergyman's wife Marian would make."

"And what a capital clergyman Mr. Nugent is, I'll tell you what: don't you be match-making, True; you're too young, little one, for that."

"My wise old brother," laughed Gertrude, "I thought you had given up all thought of being a counsellor."

"Not to young ladies."

Thus chattering, their dinner passed pleasantly over, and the evening being very warm, they strolled out into the grounds. It was a lovely evening, and brother and sister turned their footsteps towards the old ivy-clad church, which, gilded by the lingering rays of the setting sun, looked its best. As Allan stood with Gertrude on his arm, a hasty step approached.

"Welcome home! I'm glad I've met you—I was going, even at this hour, up to the Hall to shake hands with you."

It was Nugent who spoke, and as Allan replied in an equally cordial tone, the curate urged him to step in a minute at the parsonage.

"Harriet will be pleased with a call from Miss Gertrude."

"I don't know that she will with one from me; she ran away as I came in sight a couple of hours ago."

"No—not Harriet, you mistake," interposed Gertrude.

"Oh, then I owe her an apology. We'll call."

A few steps brought them to the garden, where without going round to the door, the curate let them at once into the drawing-room, through an open window under the veranda.

"I've brought a wanderer from foreign parts to see you, Harriet," he said.

A lady-like young woman, who was seated at a work-table conversing with two friends, came forward to welcome Allan, and, turning to her companions, said to Allan, "Miss Hope you know. Miss Grant this is Mr. Allan Austwick"—the young man shaking hands meanwhile, and bowing, looked a moment after rather intently at the young lady last named, and then said, "Miss Grant does not remember me; but I have had the pleasure of meeting her before."

Marian Hope glanced as inquiringly as Gertrude did in the young man's face as he spoke, and our old acquaintance, young Mysie Grant, in a voice that was not without a little tremor in it, said—

"At Mrs. Maynard's. I think Mr. Griesbach had some relative there."

"Yes, I knew Griesbach, and made a run over with him now and again to Mrs. Maynard's." Mr. Allan did not think it needful to say that he had been rather profuse in his offers to drive his friend over to Elmscroft, and had often schemed to get a look at a certain young lady there. But any awkwardness or compunction he momentarily felt was diverted by the words—

"Griesbach! What Rupert? He is here," said Mr. Nugent.

"Indeed! where is the old fellow?"

"Out this evening. Gone over to Winchester to-day. He is reading here with me during the vacation."

"Is it the rosy light of the setting sun that gives such a brilliant tint to Mysie Grant's complexion?" was a mental question that occurred both to Marian and Gertrude during this conversation.

Of a truth, it was not wonderful that Mysie should attract attention. She was of the tallest height that woman can reach without awkwardness, and her shape was so fine that she would have been called handsome even if the most animated face that ever soft, clear black eyes and white teeth gave brilliancy to, had not been set off by glossy raven ringlets and peach-bloom cheeks.

Marian Hope had been so taken by surprise, a year before, at her developing into so beautiful a brunette, that she was right glad Mrs. Maynard's care would be continued to Mysie on the expiration of her term as pupil, and that she would still remain under that lady's roof.

*(To be continued.)*

NOTICE.—In our next number (21) will appear No. 1 of a series of papers on the *Temporal and Spiritual Condition of the Inhabitants of the Poorest London Districts*. These papers will embody the results of the special personal investigations of the writer.

